

Independence Chronicles: Moving to the Next

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Summary: Part 1. Here's where the predujuce really comes out. And I just don't want anyone to think that I am.

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Independence Chronicles: Moving Up

>
Chapter One

>
 Captain Hellroy looked out of his ship. Everyone was sleeping, except him. He had a bad feeling about this. In the universe, following them, were what one could call, 'space pirates'. Almost like a fairy tale, he would say. Dirits, they were called.

>
 The entire ship was silent, the Captain looked up to the ceiling, at the monitors. Camera's were installed in the hallways, not in rooms, and in the docking bay. Because of the Dirits, the ship was always monitored.

>
 Everyone was constantly aware, and almost fearful. Years ago, on another ship that Captain Hellroy commanded, Dirits attacked. They went unnoticed. Because there was no surveillance, people died. The ship held almost two hundred. Only three escaped.

>
 Behind him, something fell, something that sounded like metal, or silver falling to the ground.

>
 Captain didn't turn around. He knew who was there, he didn't want to look. Dante. Dante of the Dir. He was the leader of the Dirits. They were humanoid in shape, but Dante, he was different. The legend was that his mother fell in love with a wild animal and they mated.

>
 Dante was a monster. His skin was gray, absolutely no color. His hair was pure black, greasy and oily. It hung down to his shoulders, in clumps, it was tied with strips of durable leather.

>
 He wore leather and furs, dirty and tattered, he smelled like animals. He hadn't showered in weeks.

>
 Dante's voice was horse and raspy and deep. He laughed a bit, enjoying Captain Hellroy's knowing that he was on the verge of death. "Boo."

>
 Captain Hellroy turned around, his old face quivered with fear. "God damn you." He whipered.

>
 Dante drew his sword from his side, looking hurt. "Oh, Cap'n! You don't like me?"

>
 Captain's eyes looked at the sword. It was covered with specks of dried blood. "How d'you get in?"

>
 He laughed. And plunged the sword directly into the old man's heart. He dug it around, blood slowly trickled out from around the cut. He pulled out the knife and wiped it on his clothes. "Oh, you've got to understand. I can get in anyway I want. And I'll hunt down every one of you Resuiens. And kill each of you."

>

>Chapter Two
Zoran

>
 An alarm with out, the horrible screeching sound went off in the hallway. I twisted in my covers and sat up. "What the hell?" I rubbed my eyes and looked around. The room was black with a red tint because of the red light pouring in from the hall.

>
 I stood, scratching my leg through my pants. I looked out through the small window on my door. People were running. I hesitantly opened my door slightly.

>
 What I saw scared me. It was like a nightmare come true. I never had actually seen one, but there, before my eyes there was an army of Dirits. They were gathering people. People with tears streaming over their cheeks.

>
 The fight in me told me to help them. But I didn't have a chance. Two big, strong hands grabbed me. I looked back, ready to fight in anyway I could.

>
 Bekker. He whispered urgently as he took my hand and started to pull me, toward the docking bay, down a large corridor, away from the masses of people. "Come on, to the docking bay, there's one ship. We can still escape."

>
 I looked back, slowing us down. Bekker looked at me and pulled harder, making us run faster. "Don't look back you'll attract--" he paused looking at them. Two had spotted us and started running extremely fast. As fast as possible. "Attention." He finished his statement.

>
 We ran as fast as we could. He was practically dragging me. We turned the corner. I wasn't that much of a sprinter. I was more a swimming person. I pushed my self as much as I could. But I was tiring quickly. Bekker realized how quickly I was tiring. He pulled me around another corridor. Suddenly we stopped. Standing there was Adrianna, I had seen her much, but we never really interacted.

>
 She looked behind us at the Dirits, running down another hallway, not knowing we turned.

>
 We all climbed into the cramped fighter. I crossed my arms and stood back as Bekker worked the control panel. It was us, just the three of us, three 16 year olds. The only three sixteen year olds on this ship. Three?

>
 "Hey," I piped up before we took off. "Where's Noah?"

>
 Adrianna's face dropped, he hesitated for a split second and opened the door again. "I'm going to get him."

>
 Bekker went wide eyed. "What the hell? Are you crazy? They'll put an explosive on, get off and blow this place, we have to get off now!"

>
 She popped her head back into the ship. "Two minutes. Two minutes then take off."

>

>Chapter Three
Bekker

>
 I drummed the control panel. One minute. What if the Dirits had already left the ship? What if they were setting off an explosive right now? "I'm going."

>
 Zoran was suprised. "What?"
>
 "I'm going."
>
 "No! No! She's not back yet. They're not back yet!"
>
 I looked at her, cock-eyed. "What do you need them for anyway? He's homosexual--"
>
 "What?"
>
 "He's gay! A fag."
>
 Zoran walked over to me, disgusted, "You little motherfucker. You can't wait for a guy 'cause he's gay? You're even more disgusting than you seem. You're the faget if you ask me."
>
 I was angry. Why was she sticking up for them. "You know, Zoran? I just don't get you, sometimes you pretend like you like me, sometimes you hate me. I mean, the guy is queer and the girl is a religious reformist."
>
 Before Zoran could ridicule me anymore, Noah and Adrianna ran to the doo rbeating on it. One they came in, we took off. Just in time. As we looked back we could only see the horrible orange explosion. All of our family, friends, our entire community was there. Dead. They were all dead.
>
 Zoran looked at Adrianna. "So where do we go from here?"

>
 Noah walked up next to me. He pointed ahead. "There. A little planet.Full of humans. A group I've heard of, the Animorphs, opposing the Yeerks."
>
 Zoran stepped up too. "They helped the Leereans, and Andalites. Maybe they can help us."
>
 Adrianna commented from the back of the ship's cabin. "That can't be counted on. I mean we just show up and say, 'Hey some guys are trying to hunt us down and kill us. So you are our saviors.' No, that doesn't work."
>
 "We can help them. With our advanced technology, we have something to offer. We can help them with the Yeerks."
>
 I leaned on the dash board. "Well then, Earth it is."
>

End
file.